Pat as I told you: yonder ſhe comes. *Enter Thiſby.*
Thiſ. O wall, full often haſt thou heard my mones,
For parting my faire *Pyramus*, and mee.
My cherry lips haue often kiſt thy ſtones;
Thy ſtones, with lime and hayre knit now againe.
Pyra. I ſee a voice: now will I to the chinke,
To ſpy and I can heare my *Thiſbyes* face. *Thyſby?*
Thiſ. My loue thou art, my loue I thinke.
Py. Thinke what thou wilt, I am thy louers Grace:
And, like *Limander*, am I truſty ſtill.
Thiſ. And I, like *Helen*, till the fates me kill.
Pyra. Not *Shafalus*, to *Procrus*, was ſo true.
Thiſ. As *Shafalus* to *Procrus*, I to you.
Pyr. O kiſſe mee, through the hole of this vilde wall.
Thiſ. I kiſſe the walles hole; not your lips at all.
Pyr. Wilt thou, at *Ninnies* tombe, meete me ſtraight way?
Thy. Tide life, tyde death, I come without delay.
Wal. Thus haue I, *Wall*, my part diſcharged ſo;
And, being done, thus wall away doth goe.
Duke. Now is the Moon vſed betweene the two neighbors.
Deme. No remedy, my Lord, when wals are ſo wilfull, to heare without warning.
Dutch. This is the ſillieſt ſtuffe, that euer I heard.
Duke. The beſt, in this kinde, are but ſhadowes: and the worſt are no worſe, if imagination amend them.
Dutch. It muſt be your imagination, then; & not theirs.
Duke. If we imagine no worſe of them, then they of themſelues, they may paſſe for excellent men. Here come two noble beaſts, in a man and a Lyon.

Enter Lyon, *and* Moone-ſhine.

Lyon. You Ladies, you (whoſe gentle hearts do feare
The ſmalleſt monſtrous mouſe, that creepes on floore)
May now, perchance, both quake and tremble here,
When Lyon rough, in wildeſt rage, doth roare.
Then know that I, as *Snug* the Ioyner am

A Lyon fell, nor elſe no Lyons damme,
For, if I ſhould, as Lyon, come in ſtrife,
Into this place, 'twere pitty on my life.
Duk. A very gentle beaſt, and of a good conſcience.
Deme. The very beſt at a beaſt, my Lord, that ere I ſaw.
Lyſ. This Lyon is a very fox, for his valour.
Duk. True: and a gooſe for his diſcretion.
De. Not ſo my Lord. For his valour cannot carry his diſcretion: and the fox carries the gooſe.
Duk. His diſcretion, I am ſure, cannot carry his valour. For the gooſe carries not the fox. It is well: leaue it to his diſcretion, and let vs liſten to the Moone.
Moone. This lanthorne doth the horned moone preſent.
Deme. He ſhould haue worne the hornes, on his head.
Duk. He is no creſcent, and his hornes are inuiſible, within the circumference.
Moone. This lanthorne doth the horned moone preſent,
My ſelfe, the man ith Moone, doe ſeeme to be.
Duke. This is the greateſt errour of all the reſt; the man ſhould be put into the lanthorne. How is it elſe the man ith Moone?
Deme. He dares not come there, for the candle. For, you ſee, it is already in ſnuffe. (change.
Dutch. I am aweary of this Moone. Would hee would
Duke. It appeares, by his ſmall light of diſcretion, that hee is in the wane: but yet in curteſie, in all reaſon, wee muſt ſtay the time.
Lyſan. Proceede, Moone.
Moon. All that I haue to ſay, is to tell you, that the lanthorne is the Moone, I the man ith Moone, this thorne buſh my thorne buſh, and this dogge my dogge.
Deme. Why? All theſe ſhould be in the lanthorne: for all theſe are in the Moone. But ſilence: here comes *Thiſby.*

Enter Thiſby.

Thi. This is ould *Ninies* tumbe. Where is my loue? *Lyon.* Oh.